

show him how charming a home she could make in Adelaide road. But he was afraid,

"I don't like to read every day," said Emily, "and I wouldn't talk so much at dinner. I wish, when any one is here, he'd say, 'I dislike women who express definite opinions.'"

"I only do it about books, and pictures, and things in my own line," she pleaded.

"I dislike women who express definite opinions on any subject," he repeated, firmly, "and I wish to let them know I dislike them."

"Then I won't do it," she said, cheerfully, determined to please him as far as possible, and then she broached one of her foolish ideas.

"I wish to know if you and your husband come on Wednesdays—do you mind?—or any day you like, but one day a week."

"What for?"

"I wish then people will know me to find me."

"Women have nothing to do; they can take their chance of finding you any afternoon."

"I wish to know if you like to come on the chance, and you know I like talking to artists and interesting people."

"Nonsense! What can men have to say to you or me? I mean I don't care to talk to any man, woman, except out of civility, unless he is looking out for a wife. You have got a husband," he laughed, "and can be content."

"But you like going to the opera, and to the time, and to the theatre. If I never see a husband, how am I to know about things?"

"I can tell you about anything you want to know, but I don't know what you mean. I can tell you about the houses, and the children to look after, quite enough for any sensible woman."

"But, Frederick," she said, looking up, "you must let me live. I wish you to look down on me, and to think me a silly creature. I wish, now, you seem to think it absurd of me to say anything of anything beyond the house. You give me no companionship, and women want it; they want to be with men, and then they were formerly. You don't care for going out, and when we stay at home you read and say nothing to me."

"You can read, too."

"Yes," she answered, "and you think the subscription to Mudie's atreat me to me, and you let me read my novels as you let the children read theirs. I wish to know if you let the children to talk of them before you, or me to discuss my reading. If I am not to go out and be amused, and am to stay at home without any companionship, I wish to know what shall I become? I shall be like the doctor's wife, or the lawyer's wife, or the parson's wife, without interests or individuality, or anything to make me a woman."

"You must understand, Emily," he said, firmly, "that women are different from men. Men have one set of interests, women have another. Men like to be interested in the things, the duties and pleasures of her sex, as a man is content with those of his. I particularly dislike strong-minded women."

"The suffrage or to go on platforms or committees or to see my name in print, but I do want to know just a little bit of what is going on in the world and I want to feel in some measure a part of it," said she, with a certain mystery.

"How much in love with me?" she said, gently, and stopped.

"I am too old for that sort of thing," said she, and turned it over what she had said.

She was silent for a moment; she hoped he might have answered differently.

"If you had been very much in love with me," she said, softly, "I would give you, I guess, I should have loved you the same as my bondage."

"But it is, I feel as if I had taken a post as housekeeper, and you were my master rather than with my husband. I have a round of duties and a round of pleasures."

"Most sensible men are masters in their own houses." He said it sternly.

"Of course they are; but they give their wives the right to be as good as they are, and out their own salvation. I thought we should be good companions, going abreast through the world together, seeing and hearing and discussing things as they came, and I thought that I should like marriage. The husband, of course, should be the stronger; and if either has to give way about things it should be the woman."

"I thought when this man came, as a proof, he was his own master," he said, and then, "But you and I, Frederick, represent, not husband and wife, but woman and her master. We are two people who live in the same house."

"I am not so sure of that," he said, "far enough. Emily. You have your views and I have mine, and as I am not likely to alter mine, you had better reconsider yours. Now I will go to the dining-room, and I will take the top of the dining-room, put on his coat, brushing it first with a brush kept in the bandstand, and took down his hat from the peg."

"I will go back to the dining-room," Phillips, an old friend of mine, will dine here this evening—dinner at 7, as usual. You had better give us some fried sole, a boiled lobster, and apple tart."

"I will do that," she said, remembering that she used to pride herself on being able to

order a dinner, but her pride had been nipped in the bud. At first she had tried little savories, and then small puddings, and delicate wines, and dainty little dishes of various sorts, instead of those of the strictly British and family dinner order, and she had looked at the guests with a scornful smile.

"You might have some better custards with the apple tart," he added.

"Very well. Good-by," she said, and put out her hand, feeling that, as things had not gone so well, she would not stay, and perhaps take it as a sign that she was sorry.

"Good-by," he said with a nod, and closed the street door after himself with a bang.

She got up, and went to the window, looking against the corner of the mantel-piece, thinking, "I suppose the majority of men are like this; when they are married—all, except a few—forget the woman who married her as if she could see into the future." "How dull," she said, after a few minutes, and sat down in the armchair. "I believe I shall die of routine and respectability. But it's my duty to do so, and I must. I have led my life. I have laid out for myself is the sort of one that countless women live and are satisfied with, and try to attain and even envy."

She had been married but a few months, and had been a lovely dream, and I had awoke from it to bondage and a mess of potatoes. If I had only been so firm—but I thought it would have had careful for him, that we should, as I have said, be comrades; then I could have been content. I wonder why he married me? thought he cared, but his manner was different three hours after the ceremony, as if he had never loved me. I was not so sure of his natural self again with a sense of relief.

She was a sensible woman, not given to grieve over inevitables, so she stood up and looked at herself in the glass, and felt happy that she was so well dressed for the day. She knew there was power in them, and something told her that the power would not remain a prisoner there. Then she looked at the marble clock on the mantelpiece. Half-past twelve. She looked at the clock. The order dinner. What a stupid old goose he is—he must have had such a lively time if he had only been sensible; he is so horribly ignorant of his own feelings. I don't believe me call my name my own. I don't believe I care twice for my husband, though I married him with the best intentions in the world, and should have been a treasure if he had been sensible. I don't believe I care for his lordship's dinner, and then go up and see Gilbert and Maria."

The children were not interesting any more. She thought of the woman who was paid to wash a small nose and lank hair, never talked, she shuffled uneasily when she wanted to talk to him. The girl had a color, and thin lips, and a mouth on a chin.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," Master Webster, "Emily said to herself that morning 'it is very absurd of your good papa to keep you out of sight before I married him. If I had seen you before I married him, I should have had more heart to think my courage would have held out."

"Are you ready for lessons, Gilbert?" she asked cheerfully. "Maria, will you get the books, and I will explain them to you in a month after marriage, that is, if we are married. She should give them morning lessons as their mother had always done. She had

Five-fingered exercises till she found how thoroughly attractive the children were—then she hated them all. If he would have allowed her to go to the window and look out at the world and fifty that was her own, she would have been delighted; but this she did not even dare suggest. By 12 o'clock the lessons were over, and she was to go to the kitchen to do the things for the morning walk with the maid, and went down to the dining-room once more.

"I hope I shall never have a child to look after," she thought, as she sat down to eat. "Am I going to live, or into a man like Frederick. This stodgy, dreary world is full of lives like ours; this country is made up of lives like ours; and I shall have to look after a packful of their graves. Marriage has given me a new view of the world altogether. I never dreamt before that the people who are

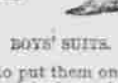
already, Frederick," and she held out her hand to him: "and don't be like this to me. I have only wanted to feel that you gave me a little freedom, or at any rate that you took some interest in me in my bondage. Now I feel as if I were tied up and isolated. You give me no companionship, you let me give you none. You don't even consult me as you do your sister; but seem to think that I mar-

Stranger—For heaven's sake, what's that unearthly noise?
Host—Oh, that's my neighbor's oldest daughter. She has a desire to become an opera queen.
Stranger (meditatively) — Poor thing! Poor thing! And she is being treated for it?
—Somerville Journal.

SUITS FOR BOYS.

The seams of boys' clothing should be neatly and strongly finished at the ends and strong linen thread used in their manufacture. Buttons must especially receive plenty of thread, and those that have to bear a strain should be sewed on over a pin or a match, which should be removed when the sewing is done. The thread should then be wound around the strands between the button and the cloth until a structure is built which is perfectly firm. Then the thread should be secured by a knot on the under side.

It is astonishing to find how many mothers and even professional seamstresses do not



BOYS' SUITS.

boy is allowed to put them on. Cloth covered buttons are a detriment. At best the cloth covering wears shabbily in a few weeks, and it is often difficult to match such buttons. Bone and gutta percha are good enough for any common suit. Braided binding, even when it is of alpaca, is to be avoided. It wears off early in conspicuous places and must be often renewed.

Most mothers find the ready made suits, if purchased from a good shop, the most economical. Almost all of these suits have one of the best of the prevalent failings is a narrowness of the coat across the chest. The result of this is to make the boy stoop and to injure his breathing power. It would be better to have a suit made to order than to buy too narrow. Indeed, in buying coats for growing boys allowance must be made for much filling out and stretching up during a period of three or four months.

A sketch is given of two suits for a seven-year-old boy, the first of serge, the second of cloth. Each is suitable for school wear.

JUDIE CROLEY.

WOMEN OVER THE SEA.

The Queen of Roumania, least known under her pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva," has returned to the royal palace of Sinaia, and the event has been hailed with great joy and expressions of delight by the people of Bucharest. The King is popular with his subjects, and his consort, though less understood, has won their deep affection.

Not long since the directors of the Bank of England resolved to throw open a number of appointments to women, and instituted a standard of examination which female candidates had to pass. The ladies who reached the necessary level were given lectures on elective appointments, and the experiment worked so satisfactorily that other ladies were appointed to vacancies, to the consternation, it is said, of the men clerks employed in the building.

Miss Jessie Ackermann, president of the W. C. T. U. of Australia, has just completed a successful world's lecturing tour during the past six years. She is now in London, and has given her friends most interesting accounts of her visit to Miss Olive Schreiner.

Mrs. Ackermann sails on the 27th for Boston, and begins a lecturing engagement of 200 nights in the States. During her brief visit in this city she has been the guest of Mr. Stead's "If Christ Came to Chicago." It will be published in England and America on January 1 next.

Mme. Tolstoy is a remarkable woman, who received a diploma from the Moscow Divinity School in 1874. She was married when she was eighteen, and her husband twenty years older, and is now, after thirty-one years of married life, the mother of nine children. She is a severe ascetic, and devotes all her literary labors. Until her children are ten years old she makes all their clothes. She copies and recopies her husband's manuscript, a task the difficulty of which she pointed out to her husband's shorthand in which Count Tolstoy sets down his composition.

The Dowager Empress of Russia is much concerned at the Chinese reverses, and the Emperor has declined to accept the invitation of the Russian Government to celebrate of her majesty's sixtieth birthday. An imperial edict has consequently been issued ordering the projected festivities to be everywhere postponed until a more auspicious moment, and instructing the various provincial

thorities to forward the money which has been collected to Peking, where it will be devoted to the prosecution of the war against the Japanese. It is estimated that this arrangement will increase the war chest by quite £3,000,000 sterling.

way, and you must practice on somebody.

"Gradually the faces of the parter will come to know you, and you will be able to do the talk of the day without difficulty; but a habit of silence once acquired, and a reputation for dullness and stiffness once fastened upon you, and society votes her heavy and uninteresting but well-known name against you, and really well informed she may be. All that may be utilized later on and will come admirably into play after she has acquired the art of talking, and the genuine advantage of the well-known name is that she is then by usage only can you attain the art of society talk. Gradually, if you practice the system assiduously, you will be able to talk as well as the best of them, and you will be exactly like those of your neighbors. You will then only need to open your mouth, stretch the vocal cords, and supply the necessary breath and admirably constructed manifies will roll out without effort."

♦ ♦ ♦

Culture in the South.

The belief that the South held most of the culture of the country in the years before the war is still strongly fixed in the minds of the people of that region. One agreeable old gentleman who speaks the soft tongue so common

unctured with the darkey dialect gravely argued the other day that the language of the older Southern States was a purer English than that now spoken in England. It was the speech of the cavaliers, he asserted, handed down in all its old-time elegance and perfection, untouched by the demoralizing etymological influences that have afflicted the Britons of the last 250 years; and he proceeded to talk about "cayars" and "cayarpet" and "Baltima" in a way which would have made his cavalier ancestors smile their sword handles with amazement. — *New York Tribune*

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"Hurd's Name in the Paper."

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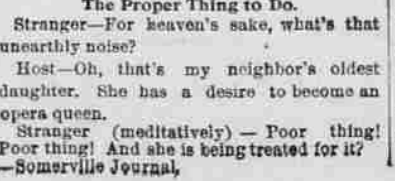
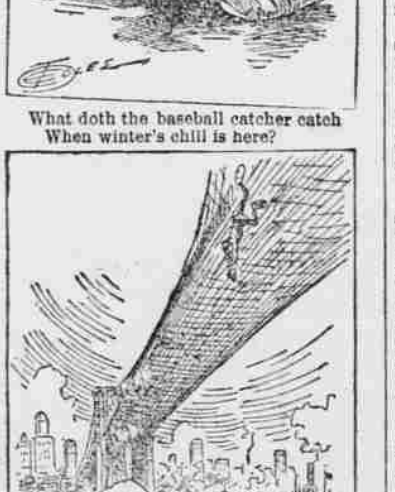
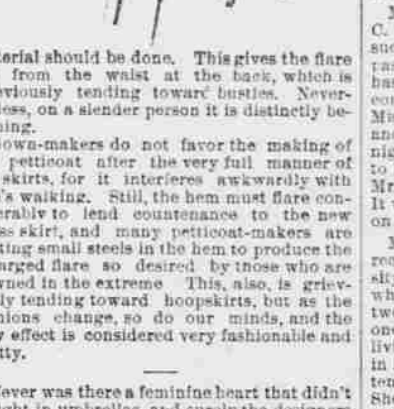
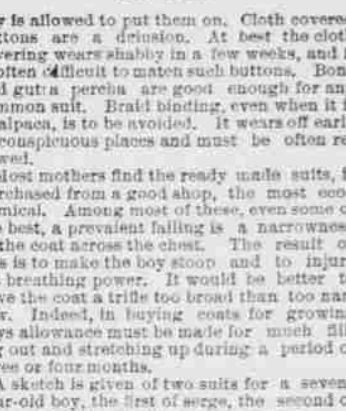
11:00, and 1:30 p. m. 12:15, 2:01, 3:15, 4:00 (Hatched). 4:20, 5:30, 5:40, 6:14, 7:10, 10:00, 10:40, 11:15, and 11:35 p. m. On Sunday, 7:20, 7:50, 9:00, 9:30, 10:30, 11:00 p. m. 12:15, 1:15, 2:01, 3:15, 4:00 (Hatched). 4:20, 5:30, 6:14, 7:10, 10:00, 10:40, and 11:35 p. m.

Peopope's Creek Line 7:30 a. m. and 4:35 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

For Annapolis, 7:30, 9:00, and 11:30 a. m. and 4:20 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Sunday, 8:00 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.

900, 920, 940, 960, 1000 a. m. and 11:15, 12:30, 1:45, 2:30, 3:15, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 6:15, 7:00, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15, and 11:00 a. m. On Monday at 6:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15, 11:00 a. m. and 12:30, 2:00, 3:15, and 10:30 p. m.

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system assiduously, you will be alone. Your unconscious phrases are exactly like those of your neigh-

Will then only need to open your mouth, stretch the vocal cords and supply the necessary breath and admirably constructed innards will roll out with effort."

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